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THE SOURCES OF OLIVIER DE MAGNY'S SONNETS

Of the poets, outside the actual *Pléiade*, who gathered round Ronsard and Du Bellay, the most attractive figure, at any rate of those who confined themselves to non-dramatic poetry, is undoubtedly that of Olivier de Magny, born at Cahors about 1530. His lively temperament and pleasant disposition made him a favorite among his contemporaries; his romantic relations with Louise Labé, *la belle cordière de Lyon*, his untimely death, and, it must be said, the intrinsic value of part of his work, have enabled him to maintain his place, modest as it is, by the side of the brighter constellation of the *Pléiade*, since the day that Sainte-Beuve revived the study of French sixteenth-century literature. His inborn talent, which was considerable, would have made it possible for him to occupy a more exalted position in the poetic firmament if he had followed his natural bent, instead of systematically resorting to Italian models.

It is our intention in the present paper to show how great was his indebtedness to Italian models, as far as the *Sonnets* are concerned.¹ That he lacked originality has been suspected or assumed, and in a few cases actually proved, but although Olivier de Magny's works have been republished and annotated² twice within recent times, and made the subject of a voluminous thesis for the Paris doctorate,³ the question has never been thoroughly investigated. Such investigations may not have very great importance in themselves, but when looked at in the broader light of comparative literature they assume a different and more significant aspect. Not until the chief French writers of the sixteenth century have been subjected to a similar process will it be possible to

¹ While the present paper (written in the summer of 1908) has been waiting for the press in America, I have been anticipated in a few of my results by J. Vianey in *Le Pétrarquisme en France au XVI^e siècle* (Montpellier-Paris), which appeared in the early months of the present year.

² By P. Blanchemain, 1869-76, and by E. Courbet, 1871-80.

³ Jules Favre, *Olivier de Magny: Étude biographique et littéraire*. Thèse présentée à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris, Paris, 1885.

estimate with any finality the debt of French literature in that period to the sister literature across the Alps, and to solve a problem of comparative literature of the greatest interest and importance. That the influence of Italian letters—discernible already in the work of the *Rhétoriqueurs* of the Burgundian school, transformed and reinforced by Marot and Saint-Gelais, and later by Ronsard and his associates—was far-reaching and permeating during this epoch is known, thanks to the labors of scholars such as Flamini, Toldo, Lemer cier, and especially J. Vianey of Montpellier.¹ Much has been done in the course of the last twenty years or so, but much remains to be done. It is for these reasons that I have ventured to present this small contribution to a large and important subject.

The first sonnet-collection of Olivier de Magny appeared in 1553, under the title *Amours*. It consisted of 102 sonnets and some dozen odes addressed to an ideal mistress, a noble lady of the neighborhood of Cahors, the poet's native town.

With regard to the sources of *Amours*, Professor Francesco Torraca, in his learned study on *Gl'imitatori stranieri di Jacopo Sannazaro* (Rome, 1882), has proved that ten of these sonnets are filched from Sannazaro, but naturally he does not consider Olivier de Magny beyond the precincts of the particular topic he had set himself. Favre (*op. cit.*, p. 156) simply says in a general way that Olivier de Magny was "inspired" by Petrarch, without quoting any instances in support of his statement. This inspiration, however, took a very definite form, as we shall see presently. At least eleven of the sonnets of *Amours* can be shown to have been appropriated, either wholly or in part, from the author of the *Rime*. In some cases the imitation degenerates into mere translation, as in Sonnet XXXI, which reproduces servilely Sonnet CLXIX (No. 224) of the great Italian master:²

¹ For the bibliography of the subject compare pp. 175-91 of Louis-P. Betz' *La littérature comparée. Essai bibliographique. Deuxième édition augmentée*, par Fernand Baldensperger, Strasbourg, 1904. A supplement to Betz-Baldensperger was published in *Modern Language Notes*, XX (1905), 235-39, by C. S. Northup. Reference should also be made to various articles in the *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, *Revue de la renaissance*, *Bulletin italien*—to mention only the more important periodicals.

² Petrarch is quoted according to the convenient little edition published by G. Barbera of Florence, and Olivier de Magny according to Courbet's text.

Si vn vray cueur, vne foy amoureuse,
Vne langueur d'honorable desir,
Vn long erreur, lequel on peult choisir
Au labyrinth d'une tristesse heureuse.

Avoir au front la peine doloieuse
Protraite au vif, & se voir dessaisir
De sa couleur & de tout son plaisir,
Par la rigueur d'une mort douceureuse.

Auoir autrui plus que soy-mesme cher,
Brusler de loing, glaçant à l'approcher,
Ayant tousiours deux ruisseaux au visage,

Bref si le soing, & le trahistre tour-
mant
M'afflige ainsi (ma Dame) en vous ayant,
La coulepe est vostre, & mien est le dommage.

S'una fede amorosa, un cor non finto,
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese;
S'oneste voglie in gentil foco accese;
S'un lungo error in cieco laberinto;

Se ne la fronte ogni penser dipinto,
Od in voci interrotte appena intese,
Or da paura, or da vergogna offese;
S'un pallor di viola e d'amor tinto;

S'aver altrui più caro che se stesso;
Se lagrimar e sospirar mai sempre,
Pascendosi di duol, d'ira e d'affanno;

S'arder da lunghe ed agghiacciar da
presso,
Son le cagion ch'amando i'mi distempre,
Vostro, donna, il peccato, e mio fia'l danno.

In other instances Olivier de Magny follows his original almost as closely, though allowing himself a few variations in the phraseology, as in Sonnet XXIII (= *Canz.*, No. 12):

Si ie puis tant me deffendre au tourment,
Et au trauail qui me ronge & chagrine,
Qu'à l'auenir vostre beauté diuine
Ie puisse voir changer d'acoustrement,

Ces tresses d'or aussi leur ornement
En fin argent, ceste face benigne
Perdre son teinct, & d'une merque & signe
De grauité se peindre seulement:

Amour alors me donra tant d'audace,
Que hardiment, & deuant vostre face
Ie conteray mes ennuys endurez.

Et vous hélas! voyant ma foy constante,
Et l'aspreté de ma peine euidante,
De mes trauaux me recompenserez.

Se la mia vita da l'aspro tormento
Si può tanto schermire e dagli affanni,
Ch'i' veggia, per virtù degli ultimi anni,
Donna, de' be' vostri occhi il lume spento,

E i cape' d'oro fin farsi d'argento,
E lassar le ghirlande e i verdi panni,
E'l viso scolorir che ne' miei danni
A lamentar mi fa pauroso e lento;

Pur mi darà tanta baldanza Amore,
Ch'i' vi discovrirò, de' miei martiri
Qua' sono stati gli anni e i giorni e l'ore.

E se'l tempo è contrario ai be' desiri,
Non sia ch' almen non giunga'al mio dolore
Alcun soccorso di tardi sospiri.

Or again in the penultimate sonnet of the collection (= *Canz.*, No. 132):

Si d'Amour vient mon gracieux martyre,
L'effet d'Amour, las quoy! quelle chose
est-ce?

Si bonne elle est, les siens comment oppresse,
Pourquoy à mal incessamment les tire?

Si mauuaise est, quell' raison ay ie à dire
Doux mon tourment, plaisante ma tristesse?
Si elle plaist, à quoi plain-ie sans cesse?

S'elle desplaist, que m'y vault dueil ou ire?
O viue mort! o mal plaisant à voir!
Comme avez vous sur moy tant de pouuoir,

Puis que voz loix ma volonté n'aprouve?
O feux iumeaulx! o trompeuse esper-
ance!

Vous seulz causez en moy tant d'inconstance,
Qu'en bien ou mal, content ie ne me trouue.

S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' i'
senito?

Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa e quale?
Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro mortale?

Se ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento?

S'a mia voglia ardo, ond' è'l pianto e'l
lamento

S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?

O viva morte, o diletto male,
Come puoi tanto in me s'io nol consento?

E s'io'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.

Fra sì contrari venti, in frale barca

Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo,

Sì lieve di saver, d'error sì carica,

Ch'i' medesimo non so quel ch'io mi voglio,

E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.

Further examples are Sonnets X, XLI, LI, LXI, LXXXVI, XC, which may be compared to Sonnets XC, CXC, CXLIII,

CXLVI, CXXXIV, LXXXIV of Petrarch's *Rime*; Sonnet XX, which is an amplification of the seventh sestina ("Non ha tanti animali il mar fra l' onde"), and Sonnet LXIII, which is formed on the pattern of Canzone XV ("S' i'l dissi mai, ch' i' venga in odio a quella"). More interesting, perhaps, because less obvious, are the loans which the author of *Amours* levied on the poets of the school of Bembo, or Venetian Petrarchists as they are sometimes styled, who were then coming into prominence and several of whom were contemporaries of the French poet. Great as was their vogue, it had been considerably enhanced by the recent publication of an anthology of their lyrical work with an introduction by Lodovico Domenichi, a friend of the Cardinal's and a not undistinguished member of the group. The first volume of this important selection¹ was issued at Venice in 1545 by the well-known publisher Gabriel Giolito under the title *Rime diverse di molti excellentiss. auctori nuovamente raccolte, Libro primo*. It very quickly ran into three editions. Here was a convenient and abundant garner containing the best grain of Italian contemporary poetry which the French poets could pillage at their ease without being immediately detected even by the initiated. M. Vianey, in his admirable essay on the sources of Du Bellay's *L'Olive*,² has shown with what prodigality Ronsard's lieutenant drew on that supply. It is not improbable that Olivier de Magny had his attention drawn more expressly to this precious anthology by his friend Du Bellay, although the latter had already publicly, if somewhat cryptically, published his appreciation of it in his literary manifesto—"pour le sonnet donques tu as Petrarque et quelques modernes Italiens."³ However that may be, Olivier de Magny was not slow to follow the example of his predecessor, in the composition of his first sonnet-sequence. He was, indeed, somewhat more discreet; but nevertheless he showed his appreciation of this new publication in no uncertain manner. The

¹ The second edition appeared in 1546, and the third in 1549. A second volume was issued in 1547, and further additions were made to the collection till the year 1556.

² *Les sources italiennes de l'Olive*, in the "Annales internationales d'histoire" (Congrès de Paris, 1900), Paris, 1901, pp. 73 ff.

³ Du Bellay had also written in the preface to the first edition of *L'Olive*: "vrayment je confesse avoir imité Petrarque, et non luy seulement, mais aussi l'Arioste et d'autres modernes Italiens."

ninth sonnet of *Amours*, which Favre, quite innocent of its source, admires for its originality and for its "freshness" and "Virgilian grace" (*op. cit.*, p. 157), is picked from the bunch of sonnets contributed to Giolito's anthology (I, 279) by Bernardino Tomitano of Padua, and reproduced with startling literalness:

Comme au printemps la Pastourelle gaye,
A qui le froid de l'hiver ia passé,
Avoit d'ennuis grand nombre pourchassé
Et de langueur faict mainte amere playe:

Maintenant va, puis santelle, & s'essaye
Parmy les champs d'un desir insensé,
Rendre du tout son cuer recompensé
Par la verdeur de ce temps qui l'esgaye:

Mais il auient qu'elle foule en sautant
Un froid Serpent dessous l'herbette estant
Si qu'il la mord, dont apres ell' trespasse.

Ainsi m'auint quand de voz doux propos
Me prometiez allegence & repos,
Blessant mon cuer du trait de vostre grace.

Si come all' hor, che lieta primavera
Tornando a noi rimena i fiori & l'erba;
Et Progne, che sfogar suoi danni spera,
Con dolci note a lagrimar si serba:

La pastorella, a cui dannosa, & fiera
Stagion poco anzi fe la vita acerba
Di piaggia in piaggia va destra, & leggiera;
Hor che'l suo danno in tutto disacerba;

Tanto che mal accorta preme poi
Freddo serpente, che tra l'erba giace;
Ond' ella offesa a poco a poco more.

Tal fu donna di me quel di, che voi
Sotto lusinghe di tranquilla pace
Di mortal piaga mi feriste il core.

The same remark applies to Sonnet XVIII, except that this time it is Tomaso Castellani (Giolito, I, 50) who supplies the model:

Souz autre Ciel, par eau plus fauorable,
Me fault voguer, ou me retraire à riué,
Puis que ma nef que la Fortune priue
De vent prospere est ainsi miserable.

Si douce ouys la chanson agreable
D'une Sirene en forme humaine & viue,
Que m'oublant en douceur si naïue,
Je vis ma barque en danger incroyable.

Face le Ciel qu'estoile plus benigne
L'errant espoir des maintenant destine
Au port heureux, au haure plus licite:

Et ce grand Dieu, donneur de tant de
graces,
Par autre mer, par de meilleures trasses
Conduyse à port ma nasselle petite.

Homai sott' altro ciel per miglior acque
Correr conviemmi, over ritrar a riva:
Poi che mia nave di buon vento priva
Sempre in quest' onde a la fortuna spiacqué:

Si dolce canto a le mie orecchie piacqué
D'una Sirena in forma humana, & viva;
Che mentre errando troppo m'aggradiva
Il legno mio quasi sommerso giacqué;

Hor faccia il ciel, che piu benigna stella
L'errante mia speranza homai destine
Al porto ver, per via piu dritta & bella;

Et quel gran donator de le divine
Gratie: la mia smarrita navicella
Per altro mar conduca a miglior fine.

In Sonnet LXXXIV, Guiseppe Betussi (Giolito, I, 354), another of Bembo's disciples, is laid under contribution by the French poet in much the same manner:

Haste le train de tes coursiers ardans,
O cler Phebus, & en l'Ocean entre,
Esclaircissant l'obscur du profond centre
Et de Thetis le sein usqu'au dedans.

Car ton flambeau aux humains regar-
dans,
Plaisant en tout, me consume en cest antre,
Et je ne quiers que l'ombre & la nuit, entre
Tant de desirs dans mon cuer residans.

Affretta i tuoi corsier piu de l'usato
Phebo, & ne l'Oceano entra veloce;

E a Theti, che d'amor t'incende, e cuoce
Riedi nel grembo di splendor ornato:

Però che il tuo bel lume al mondo
grato

Fuor ch'a me sol, si mi consuma, & nuoce;
Che co'l desio, co'l cor, & con la voce
Bramo vedermi intorno horror turbato:

Non que ce soit que mon cœur & mes
yeux
L'obscurité de la nuit aiment mieux
Que de ce jour la clarté reluisante.
Mais pour autant que l'espere gagner,
Des que le jour ie verray s'esloigner,
Quelque guerdon de ma peine cuyssante.

Non già però, che di costume antico
Le tenebre più grate a gli occhi miei
Siano, & il lume capital nemico;
Ma perche lunga notte esser vorrei
Questa, in che il ciel a me cotanto amico
Mi rendera quel ben, ch'io già perdei.

In Sonnet XLIV, modeled on one of Battista della Torre (Giolito, I, 103), the rendering is perhaps not quite so close, though literal enough, to be sure:

Voisine Echo qui m'ois en lamentant,
Or' dans le creux d'un humide rocher,
Or' dans vn boys obscur à l'aprocher,
Ayes pitié de mon deuil augmentant.
Si ie me plains mon Esprit tormentant,
Et de mes pleurs ie m'efforce estancher
L'ardante soif qui tant me vient facher,
Le fier destin de mon cœur desmentant,
I'oy à l'instant ta voix si pitoyable,
Qui correspond à mon mal incroyable,
Criant, tremblant, souspirant apres moy,
Te souvenant (peult estre) & ie le pense,
Du tour ingrat, & froide recompense,
De ton amy, l'amoureux vain de soy.

Vicina Echo, ch' ascolti i miei lamenti;
Et quantunque fra sassi & tra le frondi
Occultamente a gli occhi miei t'ascondi,
Mostri pietà de miei gravi tormenti.
Tu raddoppi i miei tristi ultimi accenti
Tu col mio spesso il tuo dolor confondi:
S'io grido Farnia; & tu Farnia rispondi;
Et meco, s'io mi doglio, ti lamenti.
Te sola ho provato io nimpha pietosa,
Come quella, cui forse anchor sovienne
De l'amato Narciso la durezza.
Egual arde ambidue fiamma amorosa:
Egual e' il nostro amor, pari le pene;
Et ambidue gia vinse egual bellezza.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that this same sonnet of Della Torre was also imitated by Du Bellay in the twenty-fourth sonnet of his *l'Olive*. However, this did not deter Olivier de Magny from writing a version which on the whole is superior to that of his predecessor.

Other parallels are Sonnets LXXII and XCI, which may be confronted with similar compositions, in Giolito's selection, by Lodovico Corfini (I, 96) and Luigi Tansillo (V, 23) respectively.

Occasionally the imitation is freer and confined to the quatrains as in Sonnet XIX, based on the following sonnet of Anton Giacomo Corso (Giolito, II, 178):

L'Architecteur du grand Palais des
Cieux,
Voulant rémplir de merueille le monde,
Orna ce corps d'une perruque blonde,
Qui le soleil rend trouble & soucieux:
Puis d'une flamme éclairante en ces yeux,
L'alme soustien ou mon erreur ie fonde,
Puis d'un Esprit, enrichi de faconde,
Et du tresor le plus prisé des Dieux, etc.

Volse il sommo Architetto al gran lauoro
Quando ne l'alta sua divina Idea
Il tutto fece in quest' alma mia Dea
Ogni pregio donar gratia, e decoro,
Perche il valor, per cui nel primo choro
Ogni spirito è felice, in lei vedea
Render il Mondo, e piu la bella Astrea
Chiari, e mostrar più aperto il suo thesoro,
etc.

Similarly the opening lines of Sonnet XXVII recall a sonnet of Giacomo Sellaio (Giolito, IV, 30).

The above instances appear to exhaust the series of sonnets in *Amours* filched from specific Italian prototypes. It must not be thought, however, that the rest show much greater originality and spontaneity. If they are not transplanted bodily they are unmistakably confected from pieces and patches gathered in Petrarch's *Rime* and those of his long line of descendants in the sixteenth century. It would be wearisome and serve no very useful purpose to strengthen a case, already sufficiently convincing, by accumulating these scattered fragments.

Early in 1555 Olivier de Magny went to Rome as secretary to Jean d'Avanson who was charged with a special mission to the Pope. He was home again the following year, and in 1557 he issued a new volume, consisting this time exclusively of sonnets, under the title of *Les soupîrs*. Written at Rome at the time when Du Bellay was inditing his *Regrets*, which it recalls in form and substance, this new effort marks a distinct advance on Olivier de Magny's previous poetic attempts; it might almost challenge comparison with Du Bellay's more famous work if the author did not here again give way to his piratical proclivities. He warns us, it is true, in the sixth sonnet, that his themes are not new—"ce sont tous arguments fort communs à nostre âge"—but even this admission hardly leads us to expect the wholesale and indiscriminate plagiarisms to which he descends in this more mature performance.

In looking for originals the writer to whose works we shall again first turn will of course be Petrarch, and in this instance also the harvest is a rich one. Favre in a feeble chapter on *Les Soupîrs* (*op. cit.*, pp. 227-63), by referring some half-dozen sonnets of that series to Petrarch—he does not say a word concerning the other Italian sonneteers—has given quite a false impression of the French poet's originality, or rather the lack of it. Not six, but at least fifteen, of the sonnets of Olivier de Magny's second collection are translated or adapted wholly or in part from the master. Only those not already quoted by Favre and which imitate closely the Italian original will be considered in detail.

Sonnet LXV is an almost verbatim translation of Sonnet LXX of the *Rime* (No. 102):

Eme, quand Tolomée eust enuoié la teste
De Pompée à Cesar, Cesar pour courir
mieux

L'aïse qu'il en sentoît, fit soudain de ses yeux
Escouler mille pleurs, & n'en fait autre feste.

Quand Hannibal aussi veit finir sa con-
queste,

Et veit perir son heur, seize ans victorieux,
Encor que le destin luy fust trop ennuyeux,
Il couuroit son despit d'un rire bien honneste.

Ainsi l'homme prudent couure sa passion
Sous vng manteau à son affliction,
Et fait tousiours semblant d'estre content &
libre:

Pantant si quelque fois tu m'ois rire ou
chanter,
Ne pense que ce soit pour me sentir deliure,
C'est pour courir le mal qui me vient tour-
menter.

Cesare, poi che l' traditor d'Egitto
Li fece il don de l'onorata testa,
Celandò l'allegrezza manifesta,
Pianse per gli occhi fuor, si come è scritto;

Ed Annibàl, quando a l'imperio afflitto
Vide farsi fortuna sì molestà,
Rise fra gente lagrimosa e mesta,
Per isfogare il suo acerbo despetto:

E così avvèn che l'animo ciascuna
Sua passion sotto 'l contrario manto
Ricopre con la vista or chiara or bruna.

Però, s'alcuna volta i' rido o canto,
Facciò perch' i' non ò se non quest'una
Via da celare il mio angoscioso pianto.

The phraseology and turns of Sonnet LXXXIX of Petrarch
(*Canz.*, No. 133) are rendered with still greater servility in Sonnet
XCVI:

Comme vn blanc à sagette Amour a fait
mon ame,
Comme neige au soleil, & come cire au feu,
Et comme nuë au vent, mais il t'en chaut
bien peu,

Et m'aïdes tousiours moins quand plus ie te
reclame.

De ton oeil brunissant sort le coup qui
m'entame,

Contre qui ne me vault hélas! ny tens ny lieu,
De toi seule procede, & non du petit Dieu,
Le Soleil, & le feu, & le vent qui m'espame.

Mon penser amoureux est le trait si cui-
sant,

Ton visaige divin le Soleil si luisant,
Et mon desir ardent la flamme poursuiue,

De quoy amour me poingt, m'aueugle, &
me destruit,

Et ta voix est le vent au deuant de qui fuyt
Trop vistement hélas! ma miserable vie.

Amor m'à posto come segno a strale,
Come al Sol neve, come cera al foco,
E come nebbia al vento; e son già roco,
Donna, mercè chiamando; e voi non cale.

Dagli occhi vostri uscìo 'l colpo mortale,
Contra cui non mi val tempo nè loco;
Da voi sola procede (e parvi un gioco)
Il sole e'l foco e'l vento, ond' io son tale.

I pensier son saette, e 'l viso un sole,
E'l desir foco; e'nsieme con quest' arme
Mi punge Amor, m'abbaglia, e mi distrugge;

E l'angelico canto e le parole,
Col dolce spìrito ond'io non posso aitar me,
Son l'aura innanzi a cui mia vita fugge.

Favre (*op. cit.*, p. 254) commits the imprudence of placing
Sonnet XCVIII under the rubric "Les sonnets originaux;" it
is obviously a translation of the penultimate sonnet of the first
part of the *Rime* (No. 265, of which, by the way, Desportes, *Les*
Amours d'Hippolyte, No. XLVI, also gave a translation):

Aspre cœur, & sauvaige, & fiere volonté,
En tant douce, & tant humble, angelique
figure,
Si voz grandes rigueurs plus longuement l'en-
dure,

Aspro core e selvaggio, e cruda voglia
In dolce, umile, angelica figura,
Se l'impreso rigor gran tempo dura,

Vous aurez peu d'honneur de m'auoir sur-
monté.
Soit l'autonne, ou l'yuer, le printens, ou
l'esté,
Ou soit-il iour luisant, ou soit-il nuit ob-
scure,
Ie me plains en tout tens de ma rude avan-
ture,
De Madame & d'Amour sans cesse tourmenté.
L'Espoir seul me fait viure, & me fait
souvenir,
Que j'ay veu maintes fois par espreuve
aduenir,
Que l'eau par trait de tens les grans mar-
bres entame:
Et qu'il n'est point de cueur si dur ne
si cruël,
Qu'on ne puisse amollir d'vn pleur con-
tinuël,
Ny de si froid vouloir qui parfois ne s'en-
flame.

In Sonnet CXIII Petrarch is followed with almost equal
literalness (= *Canz.* No. 163):

Amovr, qui vois tout seul dans mon pen-
ser ouuert,
Et comme en te suyuant nuit & jour ie
tracasse,
Allege vn peu mon cueur du tourment qui
l'embrace,
Mon coeur à toy cogneu, à tout autre cou-
uert.
Tu sçais pour te suiur l'ennuy que i'ay
souffert,
Tu vois ma patience & ma foy qui se lasse,
Et tu ne veux pourtant que i'esloigne ta
trasse,
Aingois me fais tousiours te suiure en ce
desert.
I'aperçoy bien de loing le feu dont tu
m'alumes,
Mais ie n'ay comme toy pour y voler des
plumes,
Et fault que i'aille ainsi sans espoir de con-
fort.
Mourray-ie donc? ouy. Mourons donc à
cette heure,
Il ne m'en chault, pourveu qu'en bien aimant
ie meure,
Et pourveu que Madame ayt plaisir en ma
mort.

Avran di me poco onorata spoglia:
Chè quando nasce e mor fior, erba e
foglia
Quando è'l di chiaro e quando è notta
oscura,
Piango ad ogni or. Ben ò di mia ventura,
Di Madonna e d'Amore onde mi doglia.
Vivo sol di Speranza, rimembrando
Che poco umor già per contiaua prova
Consumar vidi marmi e pietre salde.
Non è sì duro cor che lagrimando,
Pregando, amando, talor non si smova;
Nè si freddo voler che non si scalde.

Amor, che vedi ogni pensiero aperto
E i duri passi onde tu sol mi scorgi,
Nel fondo del mio cor gli occhi tuoi porgi,
A te palese, a tutt' altri coverto.
Sai quel che per seguirti ho già sofferto;
E tu pur via di poggio in poggio sorgi
Di giorno in giorno, e di me non t'accorgi
Che son sì stanco e'l sentier m'è troppo erto.
Ben vegg'io di lontano il dolce lume
Ove per aspre vie mi sproni e giri;
Ma non ò, come tu, da volar piume.
Assai contenti lasci i miei desiri,
Pur che ben desando i'mi consume,
Nè le dispiaccia che per lei sospiri.

Sonnets X, XXXVII, CXVII are either adaptations or free
renderings of Sonnets CXXVI, LXXVI, CXC, while Sonnets VII
and LXXXIX are partly imitated either from the quatrains or
tercets of Sonnets XCIX and LXXXIX. Lastly, Sonnet LX is
based on Canzone XV.

Petrarch, however, was not the only Italian poet who furnished models. Professor Torraca should have noted that Olivier de Magny's imitation of Sannazaro's sonnets is not confined to *Amours*, and that at least three of the sonnets of *Les Soupîrs* are taken from those of the author of *Arcadia*.

Sonnet XI may be fairly described as a translation pure and simple:

O monde malheureux, o desir vain &
fresle,
O terre, o ciel, o dieux auares à mon bien,
O vie qui ne peult dissouldre ce lyen
Bien que je te cognoisse & petite & mortelle,
O miserable sort, o fortune cruelle,
Qui mes dolents ennuyes n'estimas iamaïs
rien,
O Parque sans pitié, o Nocher stygien
Que ne m'ameines tu l'infemale nasselle!
Puis qu'on ne veult ici mon tourment
secourir,
Puisse-le au moins bien tost miserable
mourir.
Pour euitier le mal dont mon ame est at-
taincte.
Bien heureux soit le jour auquel la fiere
mort
M'enuoira de son dard passer la bas le port,
Puis que par tant de mal du danger ie n'ay
crainte.

O Mondo; o sperar mio caduco e frale;
O ciel sempre al mio ben tenace e parco,
O vita, onde d'uscir non trovo il varco,
E veggio che pur sei breve e mortale;
O fati; o ria fortuna a cui non cale
Di questo mio nojoso e grave incarco;
O faretra spietata; o crudel'arco;
Perchè tarda ver me l'ultimo strale?
Ch'almen questa bramosa e calda voglia
Giungendo al fin del sestodecim' anno
Si spenga, e tragga il cor di tanta doglia.
Benedetto quel dì, che'l duro affanno
Caccierà fuor de la terrena spoglia
L'anima che per duol non teme il danno.

Similarly Sonnet LXVI, much in the same vein, is again a verbatim reproduction:

Inutile desir, interdette esperance,
Cauteleuse pensée & vouloir aueuglé,
Larmes, plainctes, souspirs & tourment
dereiglé,
Donnez ou paix ou tresue à ma longue souf-
france.
Et s'au mal le dedain ny l'oubly n'a
puissance,
Et que je doüe ainsi sans fin estre comblé
De tant & tant d'ennuy dans mon ame as-
semblé,
Face la mort sur moy sa dure violence:
Ou le ciel promptement me foudroie le
cher,
Car ie n'ay point de peur de nul mortel me-
schef,
Pourveu qu'en trespasant ma peine ne me
suiue.
Sus donc Amour, va-ten, retire toy, a dieu,
Ta force en mon endroit demeure ores oisiue,
Puis que nouvelle playe en moy n'a plus de
lieu.

Interdette speranze, e van desio,
Pensier' fallaci, ingorde e cieche voglie,
Lagrima triste, e voi sospiri e doglie,
Date omai pace al lasso viver mio.
E s'al mio mal non val forza d'oblio,
Nè per disdegno il nodo si discioglie;
Prenda morte di me l'ultime spoglie,
Pur ch'abbia fin mio fato acerbo e rio.
Usin le stelle e'l ciel tutte lor prove;
Ch'a quel ch'io sento mi parranno un gioco:
Da sì profonda parte il duol si move.
Gitta, Amor, l'arco, le saette e'l foco:
Drizza il tuo ingegno e le tue forze altrove:
Che nuova piaga in me non ha più loco.

Favre (*op. cit.*, p. 254) classes Sonnet XCVII among the original sonnets. He ought to have said that it was also translated from Sannazaro:

Cil escriue de toy qui d'un oeillet vermeil,
Pense fleurir l'odeur aux poignantes orties,
Voir des astres du ciel les flammes amorties,
Et veoir en Occident l'Aurore & le Soleil.

Celuy face de toy un oeuvre nompareil,
Qui se veult voir à droit tenaillé des envies,
Et qui veult en mourant voir deux noms &
deux vies,

S'endormir tout au coup d'un eternal sommeil.

Cil escriue de toy qui veult perdre sa peine,
Qui ne beut onc de l'eau de la docte fontaine,
Ny mascha du laurier sur le double coupeau.

Cil escriue de toy sur le vent, ou sur l'onde,
Qui veult semer ton nom vainement par le monde,
Et veoir son nom & luy sous un mesme tombeau.

Seriva di te chi far gigli e viole
Del seme spera di pungenti ortiche,
Le stelle al ciel veder tutte nemiche,
E con l'aurora in Occidente il sole.

Seriva chi fama al mondo aver non vuole;
A cui non fur già mai le muse amiche;
Seriva chi perder vuol le sue fatiche,
Lo stil l'ingegno il tempo e le parole.

Seriva chi bocca in lauro mai non colse;
Chi mai non giunse a quella rupe estrema,
Nè verde fronda a le sue tempie avvolse.

Seriva in vento ed in acqua il suo poema
La mar che mai per te la penna tolse;
E caggia il nome, e poca terra il prema.

The above cases of imitation in *Les Soupirs*, in conjunction with those already instanced by Torraca from *Amours*, are of special interest; Olivier de Magny and Baïf were the only members of Ronsard's school who systematically ransacked Sannazaro's sonnets for models.¹ The other members of the group preferred his Latin works and more especially the marine eclogues to which Du Bellay had pointed in the *Défense*.

Olivier de Magny also differed from his associates in his cultivation and imitation of those Italian poets who flourished at the very end of the fifteenth and at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and who are known as the *Quattrocento*²—Cariteo, Tebaldeo, Serafino of Aquila, and the rest. The quattrocentists exercised considerable influence in France till the advent of the *Pléiade*; as early as 1511 Jean Lemaire de Belges, in the *Concorde des deux langages*, had placed Serafino on an equal footing with Dante and Petrarch, and his *strambotti* as well as those of Tebaldeo had afforded material for more than one dizain of Saint-

¹ At a later date, Desportes, who copied anything Italian that came his way, also utilized Sannazaro's sonnets.

² For details on the *Quattrocento* reference should be made to A. d'Ancona, "Del secen-tismo nella poesia cortigiana del secolo XV," in *Studj sulla letteratura italiana de' primi secoli* (Ancona, 1884), and to Philippe Monnier, *Le Quattrocento* (Paris, 1901).

Gelais and of Maurice Scève, in spite of, or rather because of, their extravagant conceits and far-fetched hyperboles. The example of Du Bellay, who sought his models in the Venetian Petrarchists and in Ariosto, turned the French sonnet away from this channel, till the manner of Tebaldeo and his admirers was revived, toward the latter end of the century, by Desportes in his numerous sonnet-sequences.

From Antonio Tebaldeo of Ferrara, looked upon as a master by his disciples, Olivier de Magny took Sonnet LVIII, which renders the Italian original with great literalness:

Rossignollet ioly, qui dedans la maison
Chantes de ma Maistresse, en vne estroite
caige,

Naguere tu soulois, libre par le bouscaige,
Annoncer de ton chant la nouuele saison.

Mais ores plus content de ta douce prison,
Tu ne veux que chanter ton bien heureux
seruaige;

Tout autre prisonnier perd soubdain le
courage,

Mais toi de l'augmenter as meilleure raison.

Ta prison est de bois, & de fer est la
mienne,

Tu t'attens de rentrer en la franchise tienne,
Et moy plus malheureux n'espere iamais
rien.

Toi de voir ma Maistresse as cent mille
allegresses

Et moy pour l'avoir veuë ay cent mille des-
tresses,

Pousse-le mon destin changer avec le tien.

Vago uccellin, ch'alla finestra canti
Di madonna rinchiuso in stretta gabbia;
Tu già solevi andar tra liti e sabbia
Libero e sciolto con compagni erranti.

Di stare in carcer ti rallegri e canti
E gli altri prigionier moron di rabia,
Credo che la dolcezza di lei abbia
Conversi i lieti versi in tristi pianti.

Tu sei fra stecchi preso e io in catena,
Tu sei propinquo a chi ti può lasciare,
Io lungi a colei che al fin mi mena.

Tu di vederla puoi contento stare,
Io d'averla veduta ho doglia e pena:
Potessi io teco el mio destin mutare.

A well-worn theme, found in almost all the Italian sonneteers and originally derived from Ovid's *Tristia* (IV. vi. 1-16), is reproduced almost verbatim in Sonnet XX, from a rendering of Pamfilo Sasso (or more properly Sassi), one of the Ferrarese group of which Tebaldeo was the head, whose sonnets were first published in 1500:

Le soigneux laboureur avec le temps
ameine

Dessous le ioug pesant le plus braue taureau,
Et le faulcon niais au vol de maint oiseau

Avec le tens encore on façonne en la pleine.

On range avec le temps le lyon à la
cheine,

Et l'appriuoise lon comme vn petit aigneau,
Voire avecques le tens par les gouttes de
l'eau

Col tempo el villanel al giogo mena
El tór sì fiero e sì crudo animale;

Col tempo el falcon sì usa a menar l'ale
E ritornar a te chiamato a pena.

Col tempo sì domestica in catena
El bizzarro orso, e'l feroce cingiale;
Col tempo l'acqua, che è sì molle e frale

Se cauent les rochers qu'on tailleroit à peine.
 Auec le mesme tens le vieil chesne se
 rompt,
 Et voit on le sommet du plus superbe mont
 S'abaisser à l'egal de la pleine campagne:
 Mais ie ne puis Maistresse amollir la
 durté
 De ton cœur rigoureux, qui passe d'aspreté
 Taureau, faulcon, lyon, rocher, arbre & mon-
 tagne.

Rompe el dur sasso, come el fosse arena.
 Col tempo ogni robusto arbor cade;
 Col tempo ogni alto monte si fa basso,
 Et io col tempo non posso a pietade,
 Mover un cor d'ogni dolcezza casso;
 Onde avanza di orgoglio e crudeltade
 Orso, toro, leon, falcone e sasso.

Yet another sonnet of *Les Soupirs* (No. LIX) appears to have been adapted from the same poet rather¹ than from Petrarch:

S'amour est vne ardeur, d'où me vient
 tant de glace?
 S'amour est aueuglé, comment me fait il
 veoir?
 S'amour est si douteux, où pren-ie mon
 espoir?
 Et s'il est vng plaisir, que n'a t il en moy
 place?
 S'amour est libre & franc, d'où vient
 donc qu'il m'enlasse?
 S'amour est vne paix, que ne la pui-ie auoir?
 S'amour est vne mort, que me vault le dou-
 loir?
 Et s'il est vn repos, d'où vient donc qu'il me
 lasse? etc.

Se amor è tanto amar come è chiamato,
 Perchè è sì dolce ogni amoroso affanno?
 E s'egli è dolce, come è fier tiranno?
 E s'egli è fier, come è tanto onorato?
 S'è liberal, perchè se dice ingrato?
 Se'l serva fede, come è pien d'inganno?
 Se non la serva, perchè d'anno in anno
 De mal in peggio va chi è innamorato? etc.

To the student of the sonnet in France Pamfilo Sasso is particularly interesting from the fact that he supplied models for at least a dozen of Desportes' sonnets.²

Olivier de Magny does not seem to have borrowed much from the more famous Serafino of Aquila. It is not improbable, however, that he came across some or all of the sonnets of the quattrocentists he imitated in editions of the works of that celebrated improviser in which they were not infrequently surreptitiously included. Nevertheless Sonnet L appears to be modeled on the following composition of Serafino rather than on Petrarch's "Quando'l sol bagna in mar l'aurato carro," in spite of the similarity of the opening lines:

Lors que le cler Soleil faisant place à la
 nuit,
 Plonge son char doré dedans la mer pro-
 fonde,

Quando il carro del sol nel mar s'asconde
 E riman l'aria scolorita intorno

¹The immediate source (*vide* Vianey, *Le Pétrarquisme*, p. 210) is a sonnet of Britonio, whose *Rime* appeared in 1519.

²This interesting discovery is due to MM. Vianey and Vaganay (*Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, X, 277).

Et lors que par le ciel ses cheuault il conduit,
 De ses raiz enflammées donnant lumiere au monde:
 Bref de iour & de nuict le malheur qui me suit
 Dessus moy miserable immobile se fonde:
 Et si rien me soulage, & si rien ne me nuyt,
 C'est le seul passetemps de la Muse faconde.
 Les seuls vers de la Muse allegent mes ennuys,
 Et seuls me font passer & les jours & les nuicts,
 Quelque peu consolé parmy tant de martire.
 Etc.

Gli ucel lassando il bel cantar del giorno
 Prenden quiete alla secura fronde.
 Et io che mai non ebbi ore ioconde
 La notte al canto e al sospirar ritorno,
 Ch'è allor nel petto un modular adorno
 Pensando a le mie pen ch' amor m'infonde.
 Prendo la notte in nel cantar riposo,
 Ch' amor m' insegna di sfocar cantando
 Quel che 'l di tengo per vergogna ascoso, etc

The device of printing the same word in the same line or at the beginning of the next line as in Sonnet LXIX:

Maistresse, ie vouldroy, ie vouldroy bien descrire
 Descrire bien le mal, le mal que i'ay pour toy,
 Pour toy i'endure tant, i'endure tant d'esmoy,
 Qu'à la fin tu prendrois pitié de mon martire.
 Je fay bien quelque fois, quelque fois à ma lyre,
 A ma lyre chanter, chanter quelle est ma foy.

the French poet doubtless imitated from certain *strambotti* of the same poet (e. g., "Quando non mi darai più foco foco")—or of Pamfilo Sasso, for he too made use of this childish device, though it must be confessed that neither of them handled it with the same skill as the author of *Les Soupirs*.¹

Olivier de Magny's dependence on the quattrocentists is further exemplified in Sonnet CVI in which he gallicizes almost word for word a pretty piece of Marcello Filosseno, the author of a miscellany of *strambotti*, sonnets, satires, and *capitoli*, published at Venice in 1507, under the title *Silve de M. Philoxeno*:

Pauvre Aueugle qui vas en mandiant du pain,
 Et qui plains le malheur dont ta vie est pourueü,
 Tu n'es seul contre qui la fortune est esmeü,
 Elle ha mis dessus moy plus rudement la main.
 L'ay bien veü quelque fois que i'estoy libre & sain,
 Mais ores i'ay perdu & le cueur & la veü,
 Toy d'vn fidele chien seurement par la ruë,
 Et moy estant guidé d'vn Aueugle incertain.

Cieco, che vai qui mendicando il pane
 E te lamenti ognor con umil verso,
 Già non sei solo in tal dolor summerso,
 Chè in varii modi van le sorte umane.

Un tempo ebbi mie membra liete e sane
 Et or l' anima e il core insieme ho perso,
 E vo seguendo un ceco ognor disperso,
 E tu guidato sei da un fidel cane.

¹J. Vianey shows (*Le Pétrarquisme*, p. 216) that De Magny's immediate model for that trick was one of the madrigals of Luigi Cassola—the Cassola whom Du Bellay mentions in the second preface to *L'Olive*.

Nous mandions tous deux pour sub-
stanter noz vies,
Mais tu meux à pitié ceux à qui tu mandies,
Et nul n'en veult auoir de mon mal doulou-
reux.

Ton ame est en franchise, & captiue est
la mienne,
Vy donques plus content en l'infortune
tienne,
Puis que ie t'accompagne & suis plus mal-
heureux.

Tu il cibo, io il mio cor vo meddicando,
Tu acquisti assai per pietà dil tuo pianto,
Ma ognun non mi può dar quel che adi-
mando.

Tu hai l'alma e il cor, et io son mezo
morto,
Dunqua sta lieto al caso mio pensando,
Chè l'altrui danno a' miseri è conforto.

The same poet appears to have at least suggested Sonnet
CXIV:

Viue qui viure peult content allaigre-
ment,
Car ie ne vis, Paschal, qu'en estat miserable;
Gouste qui peult gouter vn plaisir agreable,
Car ie ne gouste rien que tristesse & tour-
ment.

Sente qui peult sentir son heur abondam-
ment,
Car ie ne sens plus rien qu'vn malheur
effroyable;

Prenne qui prendre peult du repos amyable,
Car ie n'ay que travail & peine incessam-
ment.

Paisse qui paistre peult son penser d'es-
perance,
Car ie ne pais le mien que de dure souffrance,
De souspirs & de pleurs, d'ennuys & de dou-
leur, etc.

Chi non pò come vol vive in affanno
Chi può, come a lui piace se governa,
Parmi che questa usanza ormai sia eterna
Che le cose dil mondo a un modo vanno.

Chi vive lieto e chi teme gran danno,
E chi dà legie a la luce superna,
Tal par che l'altrui fallo ognor discerna
E non se acorge dil suo proprio inganno.

Chi teme l'altrui dir, chi'l stima poco,
Chi brama de arichirsi e chi non cura,
Altri prendon di me, io d' altri ioco, etc.

This completes, as far as I am aware, the list of loans that Olivier de Magny made from the sonneteers of the school of Tebaldeo and Serafino, but it by no means exhausts the sum of his debt to the Italians. He was eclectic in his taste and widely read, and consequently could not resist the temptation of pillaging the sonnets of the author of the *Orlando Furioso*, "le cigne ferrarois du Furieux," as he styles him, more especially as his friend Du Bellay had already recommended Ariosto as a suitable model in the preface of the first edition of *l'Olive*, and, adding example to precept, had borrowed largely from him for the composition of that collection. In one instance he followed a method much affected by Du Bellay of expanding a description of the *Orlando* into a sonnet. This he did in Sonnet XVII which is a paraphrase of the first two octaves of Canto XXI of that epic. Sonnet XXXV is a close adaptation of the Sixth Sonnet of Ariosto:

Ce beau poil est le reth auquel ie fu surpris,
 Ce regard attrayant est le traict qui m'en-
 tame
 Ce beau sourcil est l'arc, & l'œil brun de
 Madame
 Est cil qui m'a feru, non l'enfant de Cypris.
 Dans si belle prison ie nourriz mes
 esprits,
 Ie nourriz la blesseure au profond de mon
 ame,
 Et captif, & nauré, ie n'adore ou reclame,
 Que l'œil qui m'a blessé, & le poil qui m'a
 pris.
 L'or de ces beaux cheueux cil des Indes
 surmonte,
 Les raiz de ce bel œil font obscurcir de
 honte
 Les rayons du soleil quand plus cler il
 reluyt.
 Heureux donc qui captif dans ce beau
 poil demeure,
 Feru de l'œil qui peut faire vn iour d'vne
 nuict,
 Mais plus heureux encor s'il conuient qu'il
 y meure.

La rete fu di queste fila d'oro,
 In che'l mio pensier vago intricò l'ale;
 E queste ciglia l'arco, e'l guardo strale,
 E i feritor' questi begli oechj foro.

Io son ferito, io son prigion per loro:
 La piaga è in mezzo il cor aspra e mortale;
 La prigion forte; e pur in tanto male,
 E chi ferimmi, e chi mi prese adoro.

Per la dolce cagion del languir mio,
 O del morir, se potrà tanto il duolo,
 Languendo godo, e di morir desio;

Pur ch' ella, non sapendo il piacer ch'io
 Del languir m'abbia e del morir, d'un solo
 Sospir mi degni, o d'altro affetto pio.

In like manner Sonnet XCI presents a close paraphrase of the twelfth sonnet:

L'vn vantera l'or frisé de ces tresses,
 L'autre cet œil qui fait honte au soleil,
 L'autre ce teint de cinabre vermeil,
 L'autre ce riz pour ses delicatesses.
 L'autre ce port imitant les Déesses,
 Ou ces deux brins de coral nompareil,
 Ou cette voix qui charme d'vn sommeil
 Le fier orgueil des plus fieres rudesses;
 Mais cest esprit qui descendu des cieux
 Flambe icy bas comme au temple des Dieux
 Flambe Cynthie, ou Venus, ou l'Aurore
 Ie veulx sans plus sur ma lyre chanter,
 Et de l'oubly ses vertuz exempter,
 Maugré le tens qui les ans nous deuore.

Altri loderà il viso, altri le chiome
 De la sua donna, altri l'avorio bianco
 Onde formò natura il petto e'l fianco;
 Altri darà a' begli oechj eterno nome.

Me non bellezza corruttibil, come
 Un ingegno divino ha mosso unquanco;
 Un animo così libero e franco,
 Come non senta le corporee some;

Una chiara eloquenza che deriva
 Da un fonte di saper; una onestade
 Di cortesi atti, a leggiadria non schiva.
 Che s'in me fosse l'arte a la bontade

De la materia ugual, ne farei viva
 Statua, che dureria più d'una etade.

Both these renderings may be compared to Du Bellay's versions of the same pieces in *l'Olive* (Nos. X and XVIII). As if to make up for his neglect of Bembo in *Amours*, Olivier de Magny intercalated several of the Cardinal's compositions in his second sonnet-sequence. Sonnet XXII, to which Sonnet II dealing with much the same theme may be compared, is manifestly adapted from Bembo's canzone: "O Rossigniuol che'n queste verdi fronde," while containing reminiscences of his sonnet: "Soave augel ch'al mio dolce soggiorno" and of Petrarch's "Vago

augelletto che cantanda vai," the original parent of them all. Sonnet XLVII, in spite of a few variations in the phraseology, renders another of Bembo's sonnets with the usual literalness:

Ces beaux cheueux dorés, ce beau front
spacieux,
Ce teint blanc & vermeil, ce beau sourcil
d'ebene,
Cette bouche d'œillets & de musc toute
pleine,
Cet œil, ains ce soleil digne de luyre aux
cieux,
Cette gorge de liz, ce sein délicieux,
Où Venu à l'esbat ces trois Graces ameine,
Ce beau port de Déesse, & ce chant de
Syrene,
Qui tire à scy le cueur des hommes & des
dieux:
Ce riz qui peult fleschir le Scythe plus
sauvaige,
Cest esprit desia meur en son verdissant
age,
Et ce parler disert qui coule si tresdoux,
Alument celle ardeur qui brusle en ma
poitrine,
Dame, pour vostre amour, & sont encore en
vous,
Graces qu'à peu de gens la Nature destine.

Crin d'oro crespo, e d'ambra tersa e
pura,
Ch' a l'aura, su la neve, ondeggi e vole;
Occhi soavi e più chiari che'l Sole,
Da far giorno seren la notte oscura;
Riso, ch' acquetta ogni aspra pena dura;
Rubini e perle, ond' escono parole
Sì dolci, ch' altro ben l'alma non vuole;
Man d'avorio, che i cor dstringe e fura;
Cantar, che sembra d'armonia divina;
Senno maturo a la più verde etade:
Leggiadria non veduta unqua fra noi;
Giunta a somma beltà somma onestade,
Fur l'esca del mio foco; e sono in voi
Grazie, ch' a pochi il ciel largo destina.

Change of form does not prevent us from identifying Sonnet CLXXI ("Qui desire sçavoir quelle chose est amour") as a condensation of Bembo's famous *capitolo* "Amor è Donne care un vano e fello." The mention of Bembo leads naturally to a consideration of those of his disciples whose sonnets Olivier de Magny utilized for the composition of *Les Soupîrs*. For this cycle he did not make much use of Giolito's selection, as he had done for *Amours*, which goes to show that the range of his reading in the Venetian Petrarchists was wider than that represented by this popular anthology. He had recourse to Giolito (II, 133) once only for the material of Sonnet CLXXII, which faithfully reproduces a composition of an unknown author which had already served for Sonnet XCI of *l'Olive*:

Voz celestes beaultez, Dame, rendez aux
cieux,
Et aux Graces rendez voz graces immortelles,
Et rendez voz vertuz aux neuf doctes
pucelles,
Et au soleil rendez les raiz de vos beaux
yeux.

Rendete al ciel le sue bellezze sole,
E le gratie a le gratie, onde conquiso
Havete ogn' alma, che vi mira fiso
Di cui piu pianger, che parlar si suole.

Rendez, dame, rendez vostre riz gracieux,
Et de vostre beau sein les pomettes nouvelles
A la mere d'amour, qui les fait ainsi belles,
A fin d'enamourer les hommes & les dieux.

Rendez à Cupidon son arc & ses sagettes,
Dont vous rendez si bien les personnes sub-
gettes,
Et puis ayant rendu ces diuines beaultez,
Et toutes ces vertuz d'où vous les auez
prises,
Vous verrez qu'en rendant ces graces tant
exquises,
Vous vous trouverez seule avec vos cruaultez.

Et rendete i pensier e le parole
E i sembianti e gli sguardi, e'l dolce riso,
Et tutti gli honor suoi al paradiso,
E al Sol rendete la beltà del Sole.

Et rendete ad Amor l'arco e lo strale;
Et rendete lor prima libertade
De l'alme tolte a i miseri mortali.
Che s'ogni altrui rendete in questa
etade;
Non restera se non con mille mali
Altro di vostro in voi che crudeltade.

Although Sonnet LXXII owes something to Petrarch's "Passa la nave mia colma d'obbblio," it is evidently constructed, more particularly the two tercets, on the model of one, a distant descendant of the Petrarchan prototype, by Lodovico Domenichi:

A toute heure ie voy croistre l'ire &
l'orgueil
De l'orage cruel qui si fort me tempeste,
A toute heure ie voy cent flots dessus ma
teste,
Pour me faire en vn gouffre vn horrible
cercueil.
Mon bateau n'est chargé que d'angoisse
& de deuil,
Et quelque temps qu'il face il est tousiours
en queste,
L'anchre, c'est ma raison qui iamais ne
l'arreste,
Pour peux d'un vent contraire ou crainte
d'un escueil.
Touy donc, mon Avanson, qui vois quel est
l'orage,
Et qui peux, si tu veux, me sauuer du nau-
frage,
M'esloignant du danger, du mal & du soucy,
Mets la main au tymon, & me fais faire
voile
En plus heureuse mer & sous plus douce
estoile,
D'un fauorable vent m'enleuant hors d'icy.

Io che solco d'amor le torbid' onde
Con mal sicuro e disarmato legno,
Non pur del ciel, ma di mia stella a sdegno,
Che già mostrommi il lume, or lo nasconde;
Sento procelle in mare aspre e profonde
Crescer più sempre, e non veggio alcun
segno.
Perch' io mi creda di salute degno,
Ma temo pur che il mio naviglio affonde.
Che debbio io far, Remigio? A cui mi
volgo?
Il periglio è vicino, lontano il porto
Sì, che le vele indarno anco raccolgo.
Tu che per prova sei nocchiero accorto
Porgi mano al mio scampo or ch'io ti tolgo
Per luce e guida in cammin cieco e torto.

Another Bembist¹ of later date, in the person of Orsatto Giustiniano of Venice, furnished the material for Sonnet LXXVII, in which the French poet may be said this time to have bettered his instruction:

Que verrez vous mes yeux desormais
d'agreable,
Puis qu'il me fault partir & changer de
sejour?

Occhj, perchè sì lieti oltre l'usato
Siete, se pianto sol piacer vi suole?

¹ Here J. Vianey (*Le Pétrarquisme*, p. 211) points to Marcello Filosseno.

Que verrez vous mes yeux & de nuit & de
 iour,
 Qui ne vous soit par tout par trop espouven-
 table?
 Quel chemin prendrez vous, qui ne soit
 desuoyable
 Paures pieds douloureux, attendant le
 retour?
 Vous oreilles aussi pleines de mon amour,
 Que pourrez vous ouir qui ne soit effroyable?
 Bouche que ferez vous? ie paistray de
 fiel,
 Et de cris & de pleints ie rempliray le ciel.
 Mains, que toucherez vous? toutes choses
 horribles.
 Et toy mon pauvre cuer? ie mourray de
 langueur.
 Sus donq aprestez vous à ces tourments ter-
 ribles,
 Paures yeux, pieds & mains, bouche,
 oreilles & cuer.

Perchè tosto vedremo il nostro sole
 Da noi sì lungamente in van bramato.
 Orecchie, a che desir tanto v'è nato
 Di vostre parti usar? Perchè Amor vuole
 De le soavi angeliche parole
 Farci tosto messagge al cor beato.
 Piedi, ond'è chesì pronto avete il passo?
 Perchè n'andremo a quelle luci sante,
 Ch'avrian virtù di far muovere un sasso.
 Ma tu, cor, perchè vai così tremante
 A tanta gioja? Perch'io temo, lasso,
 Di perir per dolcezza a lei davante.

Although in the following instance Olivier de Magny did not follow his pattern with his customary servility, it requires no great perspicacity to detect the original of Sonnet CXII in the well-known composition of Celio Magno, a friend of Giustiniano, whose fame lasted till the rise of the *Seicento*; Marino, coupling their names in one of the *Ritratti* of his *Galleria*, celebrates him and Giustiniano as "d'Apollo e d'Amor lumi gemelli:"

Dame, ie viens à toy ce poignard en ma
 main,
 Afin de te prier de finir mon martire,
 Ou bien en me donnant le bien que ie desire,
 Ou bien m'outreperçant de ce fer inhumain.
 Auras tu donc sur moy telle ire & tel
 dedain,
 Que du don de mercy me vouloir escondire?
 Auras tu donc sur moy tel dedain & telle ire.
 Que vouloir de ce fer m'outrepercer le sein?
 Sus-sus ne tarde plus, ie voy bien à ta
 mine
 Que tu me veux ficher ce fer dans la poitrine,
 Prens le donc, le voilà, occis moy vistement,
 etc.

Poichè nè il lungo mio gridar mercede
 Con voce dal dolor già stanca e vinta,
 Nè la fronte portar di morte tinta,
 Donna, al mio foco interno acquistan fede;
 Questo ferro prendete, e là ve siede
 L'imagin vostra nel mio cor dipinta,
 Fate a gli occhj la via, ch'ivi se finta,
 O se vera è mia fiamma, a pien si vede.
 Nè si resti per voi, stimando errore
 Quinci mostrar che dal benigno aspetto
 Abbiate dentro sì diverso il core, etc.

A consideration of Olivier de Magny's *Soupirs* would be incomplete without some mention of the famous sonnet to Charon ("Hola Charon, Charon, nautonnier infernal") which filled the court of Henry II with enthusiasm, and was set to music by the celebrated composer Orlando di Lasso. Although it requires no great knowledge of Italian poetry to suspect that it is derived

from one of the quattrocentists, it is only recently (1905) that its exact source has been determined by J. Vianey¹ (*Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, XII, 467). The French scholar, taking a hint from one of E. Pèrcopo's publications,² has demonstrated that it is an elaboration of a *strambotto* ("Caron, Caron! Chi è l'importun que grida?") attributed to Marc' Antonio Magno di Santa Severina, a poet about whom very little is known, by Fabrizio Luna, the author of a curious work entitled *Vocabulario di cinq mila Vocabuli Toschi nō men oscuri che utili e neccesarij del Furioso, Boccaccio, Petrarca e Dante; novamēte dechiarati e raccolti* (Napoli, 1536). Magny probably heard it sung or recited at Rome during his stay there, or may have come across it in Luna's treatise, where it appears most unexpectedly in a chapter with the rubric "Di Q. Lettera."

This sonnet of Olivier de Magny has a special interest for students of English literature, and for that reason I may be excused for having dwelt on it more amply; it seems very probable that it was from it that Herrick, who is known to have been acquainted with the poetry of the *Pléiade*, derived the idea of his two dialogue pieces—*Charon and Philomel* (in *Hesperides*), and *Charon and Eucosmia, upon the Death of Henry, Lord Hastings*. The first piece especially, though considerably expanded, bears a close resemblance to what I take to be its original.

As far as I am aware at present the instances quoted in this paper represent fairly completely Olivier de Magny's indebtedness in *Amours* and *Soupirs* to the Italian sonneteers. The evidence is strong, not to say crushing, and it is difficult to see how the French poet can withstand the accusation of wholesale plagiarism. This charge being admitted, how does it affect our estimate of the poet? M. Favre (*op. cit.*, p. 153), with the zeal of a special pleader, and with startling irresponsibility, makes light of Olivier de Magny's lack of originality, though it must be admitted that he had no idea of its extent, by asserting that in the sixteenth

¹ H. Morf, in his manual on the French literature of the Renaissance (*Das Zeitalter der Renaissance*, 1898, p. 172), had already identified the source of Magny's sonnet, but, by a singular error, attributes to Fabrizio Luna the *strambotto* from which it is derived.

² The Italian original is published on p. 29 of E. Pèrcopo's *Madrigalisti napolitani anteriori al MDXXXVI* (Napoli, MDCCCLXXXVII).

century form was everything in love-poetry. This assertion contains a manifest exaggeration, but even if it conformed more exactly with the truth it could not affect our judgment of the case. Other critics, no better informed, have defended Olivier de Magny's methods and those of some of his fellows in the sixteenth century on equally erroneous grounds. They have argued that the poets of that time based their whole poetic scheme on imitation. Was not the basis of Du Bellay's poetic evangel imitation? They, too, have allowed their zeal to outrun their discretion. By "imitation" both Du Bellay and his chief Ronsard meant something very different from what we do. To them it spelt what may be called assimilation or *innutrition*, to borrow M. Faguet's word. They have made their meaning plain in more than one passage. The poet was urged, as in the *Défense* for example, to imitate the ancients and the Italians, but only in the sense that he must absorb and digest their ideas to his own use—"se transformant en eux, les devorant, et, apres les avoir bien digerez, les convertissant en sang et nourriture."¹ He might adopt the images, the turns, and even the thoughts of his model, provided he breathed into them that undefined and intangible thing, the soul of real poetry, which we call spirit. This is how Ronsard and Du Bellay understood poetry; their aim and ideal was what may be called original imitation. They did not always realize their ambition—in fact it was only fully realized by the great poets of the seventeenth century—yet their teaching and their works leave no doubt on that score. True they faltered at first, but no one would think of judging Ronsard on his Pindaric *Odes* or Du Bellay on *l'Olive*, that mosaic of Petrarchan conceits. That would be a vital error, substituting the accidental and the exceptional for the essential. To set off against this borrowed tinsel they have store enough of precious jewels, chiseled with incomparable art, which live and always will, while the originals are long since forgotten. They did not copy; they created anew, and their own genius infused and molded the matter they drew from foreign sources. In this sense, and in this sense only, can their poetry be called imitative. The case is very different with Olivier de Magny. He

¹ *La deffence et illustration de la langue françoise*, I, 7.

did copy. Except in his *Odes*,¹ by which he must stand or fall, he rarely succeeded in emancipating himself from servile imitation. He failed to assimilate his models, and now that the nature and extent of his plagiarisms have been revealed, it seems evident that a large proportion at least of his sonnets must be relegated to the rank of interesting literary exercises. A cursory perusal of the sonnets quoted will, I think, suffice to attest the justice of my conclusions.

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¹ The *Odes*, published in 1559, consist of four books. The longer odes, addressed to various friends and patrons, are wearisome enough reading, but the shorter and more lively pieces of the three latter books reveal genuine poetic gifts. In some of the *Odes* Magny borrowed from Horace and Theocritus, on the whole with good taste and discrimination.